

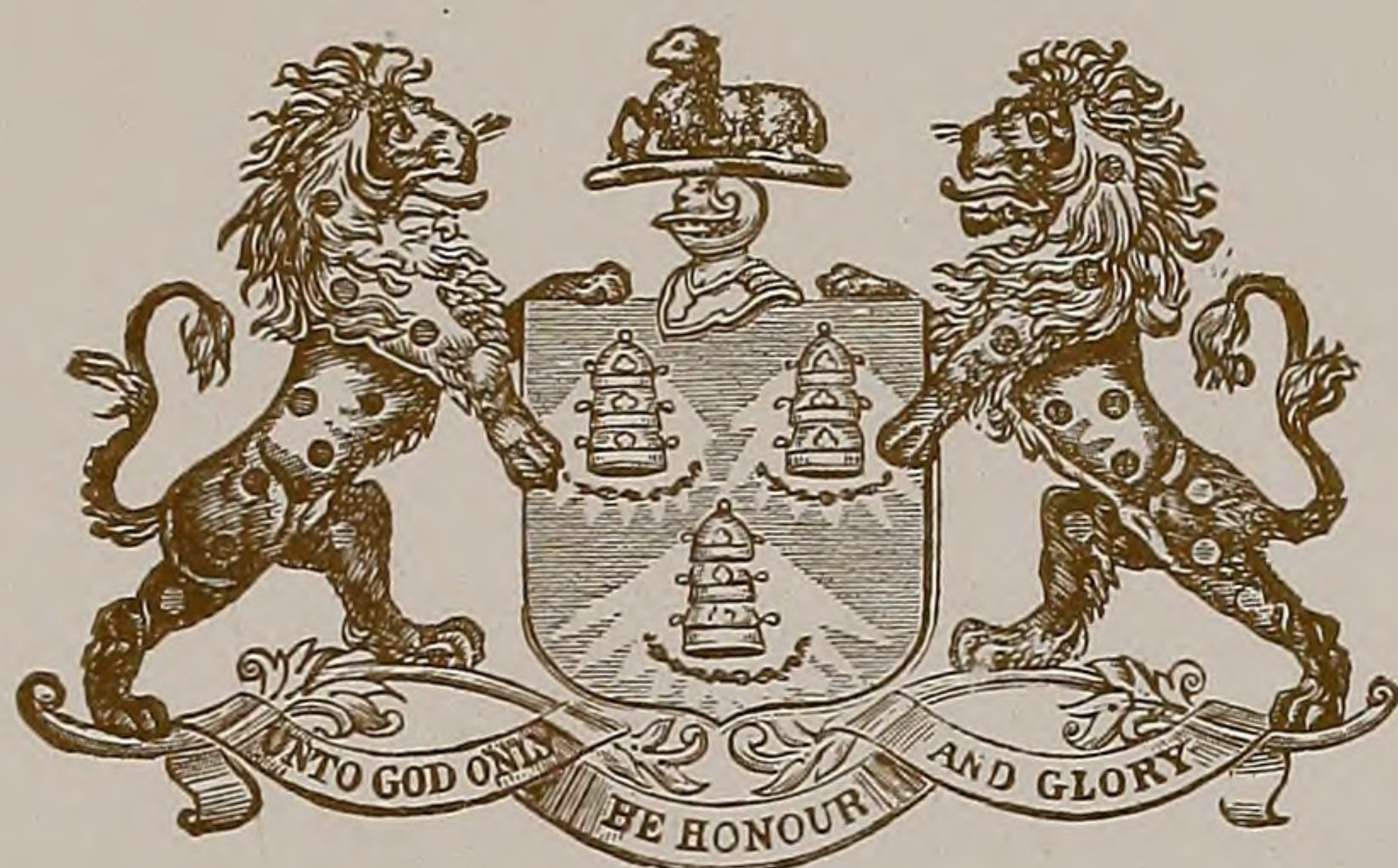


DRAPERS' HALL.

JULY 2ND, 1908.

—❧— PROGRAMME. —❧—





Master:

ARTHUR WARREN WILLIAMS, ESQ.

Wardens:

WALTER SILVESTER GARDNER, ESQ.

KEDDEY RAY FLETCHER, ESQ.

ARTHUR STEWART DANIELL, ESQ.

COLONEL STARLING MEUX BENSON.

Clerk:

ERNEST HENRY POOLEY, ESQ.

SELECTION OF MUSIC

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF

MR. HENRY BIRD.



VOCALISTS:

Madame BLANCHE MARCHESI

AND

Mr. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

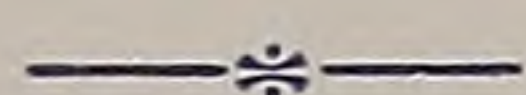
Violin:

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

At the Pianoforte:

Mr. HENRY R. BIRD.

❖ PROGRAMME. ❖



SOLO VIOLIN... { Adagio and Finale
from Concerto in G minor }*Max Bruch.*
MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS..... { a. "Boy Johnny"
b. "Blackmure by the Stour" } *R. Vaughan Williams.*
MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

SONGS..... { a. Air from "La Tosca"*Puccini.*
b. "L'Eté"*Chaminade.*
MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

SOLO VIOLIN..... { a. "Melodie"*Tschaikowsky.*
b. "Polonaise in D"*Wieniazski.*
MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS..... { a. "Mein Mädel"*Brahms.*
b. "See where my love a-maying goes".....*C. A. Lidgely.*
MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

SONGS. { a. "Deep in the heart of a rose".....*Landon Ronald.*
b. "Chant d'une jeune fille"*Goring Thomas.*
MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

SOLO VIOLIN..... "Hexentanz"*Paganini.*
MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS..... { a. "Niemand hat's gesehen".....*Löwe.*
b. "Baby Clover"*Willeby.*
c. "Cuckoo"*Liza Lehmann.*
MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

SONGS..... { a. "Jenny Nettles" (*Old Scotch*) } *Graham Peel.*
b. "The Ballad of Little Billee" }
MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

SOLO VIOLIN.

Adagio and Finale

From Concerto in G Minor. *Max Bruch.*

Miss KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS.

{ *a. Boy Johnny.* } *R. Vaughan*
 { *b. Blackwore by the Stour.* } *Williams.*

MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

a. Boy Johnny.

"IF you'll busk you as a bride
 And make ready,
 It's I will wed you with a ring,
 O fair lady."

"Shall I busk me as a bride,
 I so bonny,
 For you to wed me with a ring,
 O boy Johnny?"

"When you've busked you as a bride
 And make ready,
 Who else is there to marry you,
 O fair lady?"

"I will find my lover out,
 I so bonny,
 And you shall bear my wedding train,
 O boy Johnny."

Christina Rossetti.

b. **Blackmwore by the Stour.**

THE primrose in the sheäde do blow,
 The cowslip in the zun ;
 The thyme upon the down do grow,
 The clote where streams do run ;
 An' where do pretty maïdens grow
 An' blow but where the tow'r
 Do rise among the bricken tuns
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you could see their comely gait
 An' pretty feäces' smiles,
 A-trippèn on so light of wäight
 An' steppen off the stiles ;
 A-gwäin to church as bells do swing,
 An' ring 'ithin the tow'r ;
 You'd own the pretty maidens' pleäce
 Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you from Wimborne took your road
 To Stower or Paladore,
 An' all the farmer's housen shewed
 Their daëters at the door.
 You'd cry to bachelors a hwome,
 Here, come, 'ithin an hour
 You'll find ten maïdens to your mind
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

An' if you look'd 'ithin their door
 To see 'em in their pleäce
 A-doën housework up avore
 Their smilin' mothers' feäce,
 You'd cry why if a man would wive,
 An' thrive 'ithout a dow'r
 'Then let en look en out a wife
 In Blackmwore by the Stour.

William Barnes.

SONGS.

{ *a.* Air from "La Tosca."
 { *b.* L'Été.

Puccini.
Chaminade.

MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

a. Air from "La Tosca."

VISSI d'arte, vissi d'amore,

Non feci mai male ad anima viva ?

Con man furtiva quante miserie conobbi, aiutai.

Sempre con fè sincera

La mia preghiera ai santi tabernacoli sali.

Sempre con fè sincera

Diedi fiori agl'alar,

Nell'ora del dolore perchè, perchè Signore,

Perchè me ne rimuneri così ?

Diedi gioielli della Madonna al manto,

E diedi il canto agli astri, al ciel,

Che ne ridean piu belli.

b. **L'Été.***(English adaptation.)*

AH ! sing, sweet bird of Spring,
 Sing to the flowers, through the glad hours
 Lightly, lightly in summer, sing,
 Sing to the roses summer uncloses,
 Sing in summer, bird of Spring.

Sunlight is beaming, woodlands are gleaming,
 Full is the world of song and light.
 Green leaves are growing, mellow winds blowing,
 All things are joyous, gay and bright.
 All that is sweet will soon take wing ;
 Summer flies, sunlight dies,
 Sing, bird of Spring.

Ah ! sing, sweet bird of Spring.
 Tell ere thy tale, ere the days fail,
 Gaily, softly, ere thou must wing.
 Thou, too, must leave us, Autumn bereave us,
 Sing, in summer, bird of Spring.

Over the meadows, fall the dark shadows,
 List to the counsel, ere too late.
 Sunlight is fleeting, summer retreating,
 Ere it has faded woo thy mate.
 All that is sweet, &c.

SOLO VIOLIN.

a. **Melodie.** *Tschaikowsky.*

b. **Polonaise in D.** *Wieniazowski.*

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS. { *a.* **Mein Mädcl.** *Brahms.*
b. **See where my love**
a-maying goes." *C. A. Lidgcy.*

MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

a. **Mein Mädcl.**

MEIN Mädcl hat einen Rosenmund
 Und wer ihn küsst der wird gesund.
 O du! O du! O du!

O du schwarzbraunes Mägdelein,
 Du la la la la la! Du la la la la la!
 Du lässt mir keine Ruh!

Die Wangen sind wie Morgenröth,
 Wie sie steht über'm Winterschnee!
 O du! O du! O du! &c.

Dein' Augen sind wie die Nacht so schwarz,
 Wenn nur zwei Sternlein funkeln drin.
 O du! O du! O du! &c.

Du Mädcl bist wie der Himmel gut,
 Wenn er über uns blau sich wölben thut!
 O du! O du! O du! &c.

Translation.

My maiden's lip as honey is,
 And he is well whom she doth kiss
 Beware ! Beware ! Beware !

My bonnie black-eyed maiden fair,
 Ho ! la la la la !
 I seek thee everywhere.

Thy cheeks are like the morning sun,
 Which has the snow to melt begun.
 Beware ! Beware ! Beware !

Thine eyes, like winter nights, are black,
 But two bright stars glow in them yet,
 Beware ! Beware ! Beware !

O maid thou art my Paradise—
 A heaven of purest azure skies.
 Beware ! Beware ! Beware !

b. See where my love a-maying goes.

SEE where my love a-maying goes,
 With sweet Dame Flora sporting !
 She most alone with nightingales
 In woods delights consorting.

Turn again, my dearest :
 The pleasant'st airs in meadows ;
 Else by the river let us breathe,
 And kiss amongst the willows.

XVI. Century.

SONGS { *a. Deep in the heart of a rose. Landon Ronald.*
b. Chant d'une jeune fille. Goring Thomas.

MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

a. Deep in the Heart of a Rose.

DEEP in the heart of a rose
 A garden of sweetness lies.
 And the dewdrops bright
 On it's petals light,
 When the wind of June-tide sighs.
 At morn 'tis wooed by the waking bird,
 At eve the nightingale is heard ;
 Till through the world a rapture breaks,
 As heav'n's own love at last awakes
 Deep in the heart of a rose.

Deep in the heart of my love
 A garden of beauty lies,
 And fresh-blown flowers,
 And fragrant bow'rs
 Where perfume never dies.
 Be I the lark to charm thine ear ;
 The wind to banish every tear,
 To lay a heav'n of bliss unfurl'd,
 To wake the song of all the world,
 My June, my love, my rose.

b. Chant d'une jeune fille.

PHŒBUS rises heav'nwards adorning
The lark's wide pinion with golden ray,
Awake, my heart, welcome the morning,
And sing the advent of another day.
Each lovely flower with joy unfolding,
Opens in turn to sunlight above ;
On every petal, a bright dewdrop holding,
Emblem of all that is purest in love.

Ah !

The air is sweet with the scent of flowers,
Bless'd by the Angel of roses last night,
Before him bowing thro' silent hours
To rise again with their hues still more bright.

Ah !

SOLO VIOLIN.

*Paganini.***Herentanz.**

MISS KATHLEEN PARLOW.

SONGS.

- | | | | |
|---|-----------|-------------------------------|----------------------|
| { | <i>a.</i> | Niemand hat's gesehen. | <i>Löwe.</i> |
| | <i>b.</i> | Baby Clover. | <i>Willeby.</i> |
| | <i>c.</i> | Cuckoo. | <i>Liza Lehmann.</i> |

MADAME BLANCHE MARCHESI.

a. **Niemand hat's gesehen.**

DIE Trepp' hinuntergeschwungen
 Komm' ich in vollem Lauf,
 Die Trepp' emporgesprungen
 Kommt er und fängt mich auf.
 Und wo die Treppe so dunkel ist,
 Da haben wir uns geherzt, geküsst,
 Und niemand hat's gesehen.

Ich komm' in den Saal gegangen,
 Da wimmelt's von Gästen bunt,
 Wohl glühten mir die Wangen,
 Wohl glühte mir der Mund,
 Ich meint', es sähe mir's jeder an,
 Was wir da miteinander gethan,
 Doch niemand hat's gesehen.

Ich musst' hinaus in den Garten
 Und wollte die Blumen sehen,
 Ich konnt' es nicht erwarten,
 In den Garten hinaus zu gehen.
 Da blühten die Rosen überall,
 Da sangen die Vöglein mit lautem Schall
 Als hätten sie's gesehen.

b. Baby Clover.

HEIGHO, my dearie, dearie do you know,
 How the baby clovers go to sleep?
 First they fold their tiny leaves,
 I fold your hands,
 And dear old Mother Sky does vigil keep,
 And so the baby clovers go to sleep.

Heigho, my dearie, dearie do you know
How the baby clovers come to wake?
Mother Sky looks down and says,
Mercy! still asleep.
Then laughs till out her eyes the dewdrops shake,
And so the baby clovers come to wake.

R. B. Butler.

c. Cuckoo.

THE Cuckoo sat in the old pear-tree,
 "Cuckoo !"
 Raining or snowing, naught cared he,
 "Cuckoo !"
 The Cuckoo flew over a house-top nigh,
 "Cuckoo !"
 "Dear, are you at home, for here am I ?"
 "Cuckoo !"
 "I dare not open the door to you,
 "Cuckoo !"
 "Perhaps you are not the right Cuckoo."
 "Cuckoo !"
 "I am the right Cuckoo, the proper one ;
 "Cuckoo !"
 "For I am my father's only son."
 "Cuckoo !"
 "If you are your father's only son,
 "Cuckoo !"
 "The bobbin pull tightly,
 "Come through the door lightly—
 "Cuckoo, Cuckoo, Cuckoo !"

SONGS. { *a. Jenny Nettles.*
b. The Ballad of Little Billee. } *Graham Peel.*

MR. J. CAMPBELL MCINNES.

a. Jenny Nettles.

(Traditional Scottish Song.)

I MET ayont the cairnie
 Jenny Nettles, trig an' braw,
 Amang the shaws o' Barnie,
 Skipping lightly barefoot.

The spreading roses wet wi' dew,
 Are no' sae sweet as Jenny's mou',
 Her dimpled cheek, and e'en sae blue,
 Amang the heather barefoot.
 I took her hand, I pressed it,
 I asked if she could fancy me :
 "My heart ye ha'e distressed it,
 A-comin' frae the market."
 I met ayont the cairnie, &c.

"My haddin stands in yonder glen,
 I hae a 'but,' I hae a 'ben,'
 Gin ye'll be leddy o' my ain,
 Ye'll gang no longer barefoot.
 A silken gown then ye shall hae,
 A cleadin' new frae tap to tae,
 A pair o' shoon, and stockin's tae,
 To keep ye frae gaun barefoot."
 I met ayont the cairnie, &c.

My bonnie lassie, trig and neat,
 Nae fairer trips on London street,
 Her glancing e'e subdues my heart,
 Amang the heather barefoot.
 The spreading roses wet wi' dew,
 Are no' sae sweet as Jenny's mou',
 Her dimpled cheek, and e'en sae blue,
 Amang the heather barefoot.
 I met ayont the cairnie, &c.

b. The Ballad of Little Billee.

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea,
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.
There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator,
They'd nothing left but one split pea.
Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy :
"I am extremely hungaree."
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy :
"We've nothing left ; us must eat we."
Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy :
"With one another we shouldn't agree !"
"There's little Bill, he's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let's eat he."
"O, Bill ! we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie."
When Bill received this information,
He used his pocket handkerchie.
"First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me."
"Make haste, make haste !" says guzzling Jimmy,
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.
So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps, "There's land, I see :
"There's Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee ;
"There's the British flag a-riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B."
So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;
But as for little Bill, he made him
Captain of a Seventy-three.

W. M. Thackeray.



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